

# THE ADVOCATE

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THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1909

## J. McHENRY JONES.

Much appears in these columns, this week, on the inestimable services rendered the Negroes of West Virginia by the late J. McHenry Jones, but none of the writers, we think, do him justice,—nor is it in our power,—in dealing with his unselfish labors to elevate the race politically and to preserve its franchise rights when assailed from whatever quarter.

In the days when Democracy held full sway and the Republican party was little more than a name in West Virginia, J. McHenry Jones buckled on his armor and joined the ranks with such warriors as Congressman Hubbard, Judge Goff, Judge Atkinson and former Attorney Gen. Freer. They fought against overwhelming odds, a fight which would have been considered hopeless by weaker men, but when the bugle sounded the charge, each sought to outdo the other in leading the van. Defeat was oftener their lot than success, for success shunned their camp, but did they grow weary and give up the fight? No, not one.

On the stump no voice was raised higher than J. McHenry Jones'. No speaker plead with greater fervor, with more eloquence for the cause he thought was right than he. When the votes were counted and his party was found lacking, he did not become discouraged, for he was battling for his people, he was fighting for the right. Goff's nomination for governor was clinched when Jones told the convention why he should be the chosen one, and Atkinson came into his own with Jones pleading his cause. In these efforts he gained recognition for his people by winning recognition for himself.

At every state convention for the past twenty-four years, his was a familiar figure. Unswerving from his convictions, true to his promises, and unpurchasable, he stood a living contradiction to the traducers of the race who said the Negro was untrustworthy politically; he towered high, a shining example of the Negro who would plunge into the pool of politics and emerge his robes unsoiled.

As editor of this paper for four years, he set before his readers the highest ideals of citizenship, and painted in the blackest colors the evil which threatened the race from those whose valuation of the sacred privilege of voting was measured by dollars and cents. When an opening appeared through which a Negro might squeeze himself into a position, he was on the spot to aid and encourage him with his presence and his voice.

The readers of The Advocate will recall the unsuccessful effort, originating in the house of our friends, to separate the races on the common carriers. Its defeat was due largely to the eloquent plea for an open door, a square deal made by J. McHenry Jones before the legislative committee having the bill under consideration. He would have naught to do with those who, for place or power, advocated the compromise under any disguise of any question having to do with the franchise rights of his race. He ex-

pected for the Negro people the enjoyment of the same civil and political privileges accorded others, and would be satisfied with nothing less.

Miss him? Yes, we shall miss him, for we are not yet out of the wilderness. Less than two years ago our Moses ascended the mountain to appear no more to the eyes of men. "Now," as Rev. Walker so aptly said as he gazed upon the mortal remains, "our Aaron has been gathered unto his fathers," but neither Joshua nor Caleb has yet appeared.

## TOO MANY COOKS.

It begins to appear that the Negro Exposition broth is going to be spoiled by the gratuitous services of a superfluous number of cooks.

Some months ago there was published an open letter to Mr. Booker T. Washington requesting that he assume the leadership in a movement having for its object a celebration in 1913 of the fiftieth anniversary of the Negro's emancipation. The matter was left open by him to be settled by the National Negro Business League. In the interim, President R. R. Wright announced the intention of himself and others to mark the semi-centennial with an exposition in which the Negro people, not only of the United States, but of the whole world, would be asked to participate.

The next move in the game was the endorsement of an exposition by the League at its Louisville session. It is not clear as yet whether they will join Prof. Wright or conduct their own show. Now comes the news from Chicago that an exposition president, a full staff of officers and boards have been selected to do what the Georgia people have announced their intention of doing, and the National Negro Business League has under advisement.

Viewed from our vantage point at Charleston-on-Kanawha, it appears to us that this exposition promotion is being overdone, that too many cooks are seasoning this pot of broth. The celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of its freedom means too much to the Negro people of this country to have it jeopardized by so many conflicting forces. No set of men has the right to rope, brand and claim it as their very own, simply on the grounds that "we saw it first." Whatever is undertaken must be a credit to the race. If an exposition is the best vehicle for the exploitation of the advancement of the Negro people of America, then that exposition must be south of the Ohio. If it is held south of the Ohio, Southern Negroes must take the lead. But let it be first understood that unless there is a union of forces, the matter had better be dropped now, otherwise it will be a farce and a disgrace.

**STANDING BY HIS GUNS.**  
President Taft's mediating and tolerant attitude toward Southern Democratic whites and his disposition to win for himself and the Republican party as much support in the South as is possible, is not leading him to go back on the claim of the Negro to his rights as a voter. His recent alignment with those in Maryland who are resisting the effort in that state to bring about practical Negro disfranchisement shows that he is a dependable personal factor. He still stands by his views spoken to Kentuckians in 1907, "An exclusion of both black and white on the ground of ignorance and irresponsibility, measured by proper standards, is not subject to criticism if impartially enforced. But an unlawful discrimination in the execution of the law is different perhaps in method, but still is fraud, like the original violence and ballot box stuffing of previous years."

\*\*\*\*\* The Fifteenth Amendment stands as a mandatory restriction upon state laws and as an ideal toward which the South politically must work.

September 29,  
1758—Lord Nelson, the hero of Trafalgar, born. Died October 21, 1805.

1802—First Roman Catholic church erected in Boston was dedicated.

1807—Thomas H. Seymour, governor of Connecticut, born. Died September 3, 1868.

1868—Gen. Reynolds issued an order prohibiting the election on November 3, in Texas, for president and vice president.

1879—The Ute massacre in Colorado occurred.

1890—Centennial of the introduction of cotton spinning celebrated at Pawtucket, R. I.

1893—Twenty-eight miners drowned by the Michigan river flooding the Mansfield mine in Michigan.

1902—Emile Zola, celebrated French novelist, died. Born April 4, 1840.

1908—Local option elections in Ohio closed 332 saloons.

## BISHOP BRATTON'S ANNIVERSARY.

Jackson, Miss., Sept. 29.—The sixth anniversary of the consecration of the Right Rev. Theodore DuBose Bratton as Episcopal bishop of Mississippi was celebrated today with special services in St. Columba's chapel, attended by numerous clergy and laymen. Bishop Bratton is one of

# CHANGE

MADE IN THE CONDUCT OF W. VA. COLORED INSTITUTE.

Prillerman Appointed President and Mitchell to Conduct Its Business Affairs.—Responsibilities to be Divided.



CHARLES E. MITCHELL

Business Manager of the West Virginia Colored Institute

A committee of the State Board of Regents, composed of State Superintendent of Schools M. P. Shaver, George S. Laidley and Mr. Northcott, last Thursday, filled the vacancy created by the death of President J. McHenry Jones, by electing Prof. Byrd Prillerman, instructor in English, as Acting President or Chairman of the Faculty, who will have charge of the educational part of the institution. The financial and business affairs were placed in the hands of Prof. Chas. E. Mitchell, late head of the commercial department.

By thus separating the functions previously exercised by the head of the institution, the Board hopes to increase its usefulness. It has been long felt that the duties of the head of the school were too many and too onerous for him to have time to devote to planning for its development. The judicious expenditure of the school's large appropriations demands the entire time of one man, and a great saving to the state is expected to arise by the appointment of a business agent.



BYRD PRILLERMAN

President of the West Virginia Colored Institute

Prof. Prillerman, the chairman of the faculty, is a product of the Charleston schools. After his completion of the course here, he matriculated at Knoxville College, Knoxville, Tenn., from which he was graduated with the degree of B. S. He also holds the degree of Master of Arts which was conferred upon him by Westminster, a Pennsylvania College. In point of service he is the oldest instructor at the Institute.

Business Manager Chas. E. Mitchell received a grammar school training in the Washington, D. C. schools from which he was taken by his uncle, the great Frederick Douglass, by whom he was reared to act as his private secretary. He served with Mr. Douglass in Haiti and also when he was Haitian commissioner at the Columbian exposition. On Mr. Douglass' death he connected himself with the U. S. navy, serving as steward on a gunboat detached for inspection duty on a world cruise.

Prof. Mitchell later finished the commercial course at the Boston Commercial college, going then to Richmond, where he opened a similar institution. From Richmond he came to Institute, six years ago, to take charge of the commercial department. He has made higher accounting a specialty, and his strict attention to business easily made him the choice of the Board for the responsible duties he will be called upon to perform.

the foremost Episcopal churchmen in the South. Prior to his election to the bishopric in 1903 he had been rector of the Church of the Advent in Spartanburg, S. C. and head of St. Mary's School for Young Women.

EULOGY DELIVERED BY GRAND MASTER W. L. HOUNG AT THE FUNERAL OF EX-GRAND MASTER J. McHENRY JONES.

My Friends:

I have journeyed from Chicago, that I might for the brethren everywhere, pay a simple tribute of reverence to this our beloved dead.

Today in the temple of Odd Fellowship there is great mourning because a mighty one has fallen. Brother J. McHenry Jones was the idol of this order, and the news of his death brought grief and woe to the hearts of all. As he was always the apostle of cheer, and mirth and health, we thought of him as in full strength and never dreamed that for him the tranquil shadows of twilight were falling, and the road had neared its ending, so that when the tidings came that he had passed over the purpled hills to that rest which is beyond the twilight of life and eternity, we felt a shock, the like of which seldom comes to men.

In every avenue of life in which brother Jones put forth effort he became great. He was a great Odd Fellow, and had within the order a career, full, rounded and complete. He rose from the lowest position in his lodge, where the white yoke hung about his neck, until at length he stood at the summit and wore the golden chain of Grand Master, the emblem of authority over four hundred thousand people. And what a Grand Master he was; with his wonderful personality he aroused the enthusiasm and won the admiration of the men and women who wore the emblem of the order upon their breasts. But before he reached this office he achieved the honor of being the first fraternal delegate sent by America to English shores. In 1896 the delegates to the B. M. C., desiring to send greetings abroad, selected brother Jones as the living exponent of Odd Fellowship to bear the message of loyalty and love to our brethren across the sea. And over there with his burning words of eloquence he forged more firmly the links which bind us to those who gave our order birth. He was great as an educator; this West Virginia Colored Institute will be his lasting monument; the record made by the students of this place, as a result of his teaching and influence, will keep bright his fame, undimmed by the gloom of his dismal grave. He was great as a race man and as a citizen of this commonwealth; his undisputed leadership of the race in West Virginia

and the esteem accorded him by people in every station gave positive proof of the place he held. He was great as an orator; let no one attempt to describe his power of speech; you knew it and I know it; oh, how often has he unfolded the plations of his eloquence and with them wide-spread has lifted us upward and upward to the rapturous heights where only broad and sweeping wings can soar.

I can attest what Reverend Waters said a moment ago about his tender heartedness. You know the greatest men are the tenderest. I recall an occasion when brother Jones and I were walking down the streets of Philadelphia, he was talking about the sufferings of the Jews in Russia, the persecutions and oppressions they were enduring and expressed in the most feeling way how his heart went out in sympathy to those down-trodden people in the Czar's domain. Soon we saw a bird on the ground with a broken wing and a dog near it frightened the little thing; brother Jones gently picked it up, carried it to his room and said he could not bear to see the wounded sparrow lying there helpless at the mercy of the dog. I thought then how great was his heart that embraced alike a wronged race in a distant land and a wing-broken bird down in the street. The stream of his sympathy never ran dry, but freely flowed out to all that suffered, whether man or beast or bird.

On the throne of his affections he placed his wife and gave to her the crown of queen; she adored him in turn and let him know the worth and wealth of heart; her devoted care during his sickness, all the day long, and all the night long, is another sweet story of a woman's love.

To her and the members of his family whom he loved and left behind, I tender the sympathy of the Odd Fellows the wide world over, and offer them the consolation of the truth, that

There was never a cross so heavy,  
But the nail-scarred hands are there

Out-stretched in tender compassion  
The burden to help us bear;

There was never a heart so broken,  
But the loving Lord can heal,  
For the Heart that was pierced on  
Calvary

Doth still for his loved ones feel.

PRESIDENT J. McHENRY JONES, A. M., LUT. D., SCHOLAR AND TEACHER.  
By Ex-Governor Geo. W. Atkinson.

When the news came to me that President James McHenry Jones, the head of the leading colored college, or institute as it is called, of my native state of West Virginia, had passed to the unseen and into the great beyond, I was shocked and grieved, because I had not been advised of his serious illness. It was my pleasure to know him first as principal of Lincoln Public School in Wheeling, where he remained, if my memory is correct, for thirteen years, and during all that time his services were entirely satisfactory to the Board of Education of that city. A vacancy occurred in the West Virginia Colored Institute, and the Regents sought about for an established educator to fill the vacancy, and Prof. Jones was unanimously chosen for the place. I write hurriedly, but my recollection is, this took place during my term as governor of the state; but whether it was or not, I know I endorsed him as a suitable and worthy man to become president of that growing institution of learning for the colored race. He was, as I have stated, chosen unanimously by its board of Regents, and from that time to the day of his death, which covered a dozen or more years, his administration was a pronounced success. Under his management the Institute grew to be one of the best-known schools for the higher education of the colored young men and women in the entire south. Therefore as a teacher, executive officer and administrator of an educational institution of the higher grades, he was universally recognized as unusually successful. Taking him, all in all, his equal as an all round educator could rarely be found. He was a teacher, per se, and among all of the natural orators of West Virginia, and I think I know them all, he had but few equals, and I do not believe he had a superior. Indeed, I may safely say, as an orator, white or colored, he was absolutely peerless, and I say this with a personal acquaintance with Dr. Booker T. Washington the leader of the colored race in America, from his early boyhood to the present writing. In addition to this I can only say truthfully that I never knew a more thorough christian gentleman than James McHenry Jones; and all of us (white or black) who knew him personally, universally respected him for his merits, his attainments and his worth. Some men are big in body, some in brains, some in usefulness and good nature.—Professor Jones was big in all of them. The passing of such a man is just cause for regret and grief, because he will be sadly missed by his associates and friends and by the West Virginia Colored Institute also, for we must all admit that his place will be difficult to fill.

Prof. Jones was a teacher and gave his life, his entire time, to the noblest of callings. In general the teacher's is a low paid profession, and if many satisfactions did not come to him besides the money he earns, the chairs of many of our colleges and universities would be vacant today. But numerous satisfactions come to him besides the salary he is paid. He takes delight in imparting knowledge to his pupils, and he is rewarded by the public consideration which attends his work. He is also stimulated because he knows that his profession tends, in a greater degree than any other agency, to the whole-some improvement of human conditions. President Elliott once said in an address to teachers at Harvard, "The possibility of making disciples to carry on and better one's work, in the world is one of the great satisfactions in life, and this the educator has in great measure. It is a great privilege to anyone to have his acquisitions of thought and learning go down the centuries, multiplied in fruitfulness as they go."

If Prof. Jones were alive today I feel confident he would endorse the following recent utterance of Harvard's great president: "After all, the main inducement to the profession of education as a life work is the delights of the life. To my thinking the career of the educator is the happiest, the most intellectual and the most rewarding as regards service ability and the visibility of the service of all professions. For a young man of foresight I recommend the profession of teaching as the one in which he will realize the chief pleasures of life."

These utterances, in a measure, explain why teachers love their work and why our friend Jones never even thought of abandoning us calling as a teacher.

Prof. Jones was too backward, too retiring to place himself in the rank of great men; and yet, in many ways, he was truly great. He was great in heart, great in kindness, great in sympathy, great in generosity, great in manliness, great in his calling, great in the affections of his pupils, great in his conception of home life; but he abhorred the ordinary term of greatness as accepted by the masses as to what true greatness is. He was altogether another type of man than that. He believed that true greatness is true goodness; that the truly great man is not the one who fills the highest position in the gift of his fellows, and commands the greatest acclaim of the people, but rather the one who does the most to make men peaceful and happy, and to make the world sweeter, nobler, grander, better. This was his conception of true and lasting greatness, and in this I think he was forever right,

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# Schwabe & May

"FOR BETTER CLOTHES"

When Prof. Jones graduated from a high school sometime in the eighties, such institutions were less useful, less powerful, less potential than now. Many branches now taught were infants then. Geology was an infant. Chemistry was a baby as compared with the present. Biology was barely at the beginning of its development; and so it may be said of anthropology, archeology and a dozen of other sciences. Then sociology was scarcely dreamed of. But he as a student and a teacher kept in line and was generally at the front of the procession of progress. He, however, was not as aggressive as he was progressive. He was strong in self-reliance but weak in self-assertion. He was too timid to push himself forward and to force others, less equipped, to recognize his real merits and his worth. He was ever kind and was as gentle as a woman. Contentiousness was foreign to his make-up. He conceded to his friends and associates the right to differ from him, but he hewed to the line of duty with a tenacity of purpose rarely found in men. He was not like the inconstant moon, forever changing, but he was like the glorious sun, forever shining.

His religion was a real and practical thing. He found his creed in the sermon on the Mount rather than in the dusty tomes of theologians, and he was a true and happy faculty of inspiring those whom he taught and loved with his own confidence and enthusiasm. His personality was strong, but gentle; tactful, yet determined; resourceful, but prudent; freely lending his own great strength to lighten the burdens of others. Those who knew his voice and the clasp of his hand need nothing to remind them of what he was and what he did, and will hold those traits in lasting and grateful remembrance. In character, morals, manliness and virtue he was as firm and unchanging as a mountain or a rock. More than this, his judgement was of a high order, hence he rarely made mistakes. The writer of these lines knew him from his early manhood well, and upon all important questions rarely found him wrong. He was conscientious to a fault, and therefore could at all times be fully trusted.

Those of us who knew Prof. Jones intimately can truthfully say that he was born for friendships. Affectionate, sincere, optimistic, gracious in manner, mirth-loving, sympathetic, he laid hold on men with a strong grip. In him the teacher never obscured the man, and it is, after all, the man whom we shall best love to recall. He was a man of one work—"This one thing I do," and he rarely failed to do it and do it well. His chief idea was that the work of a college, or high grade academy, like the one over which he presided at the time of his demise, was to make men, real men and not to veneer them. His career was between the old and the new college, and he believed in both; and yet he was slow in giving up very much of the old. He thought as many of us do, that the old-time college, more than those of more modern years, strove to send out men of power, men of rugged christian character. He feared that too many of our modern schools aim only to graduate specialists. The dominating purpose, Prof. Jones thought and taught, should in all high grade schools of learning be the symmetrical development of the whole man; the placing of the telescope to the eye of the student so he could see the wide fields of knowledge thus fitting him to use his full powers, developing in him high ideals of character and inspiring him for world service and leadership. While he loved athletics, yet this idea of a man was not for colleges to turn out quarter-backs and pitchers only, but rather to give training that will produce scholars, thinkers, reformers, world-movers. He believed the college to be a failure unless it graduates first class men as well as first class scholars and high grade athletes. I am sure I represent him correctly in these important matters.

Some men die early, others later

on. Pres. Jones laid down his trusts just as his sun had reached its noon, while others are permitted to tarry among the living until the shades of evening-tide gather full upon them; but one and all must, without dissenting, lay his armor down when the Master bids him to come or go. Now that President Jones has gone into the beyond, having served his day and generation faithfully and well, we know it is well with him today, and all that is left for us to do, is to sprinkle tears and scatter flowers upon his grave, and to mourn because he is gone.

The supreme lessons of the hour are the lesson of duty, the lesson of uprightness, the lesson of consecration, the lesson of integrity, the lesson of devotion to the unseen. His life was an example to all men. His memory is a benediction, especially to the surviving members of his race. He taught and preached the existence of a God, an eternity and heaven. He also taught that life is but a bubble upon the waves of time which we see for a moment and it is gone; that we look and wonder and are lost in the mystery of what is and what is yet to come; that we stand upon a summit and look out into the future and are amazed at the emptiness of vision, and as we thus stand, the clouds tower and we see no more. But God rises in the distance and says, "I am the way," and the gloom lifts and we look and live. He was truly a man of faith. He was respected by his neighbors and was esteemed highly by all who knew him well. Charming in his manner and ways, every acquaintance became a friend, and every friend deplores his death. His funeral was held in the college chapel where he had met the student body and where he had taught so long and well, and each student threw upon his bier a flower of gratitude and love.

So the watching is ended at home; Yet a whisper of peace

Bids the flowing tears cease,  
For to wait and to toil—yea, to toil and to wait,

Is earth's passport to Rest within heaven's fair gate.

The sun of J. McHenry Jones has forever set behind the horizon of our view, but the memory of his just, virtuous, upright life will linger as a beautiful twilight in the recollections of all who know him. Peace to his ashes, rest to his soul.

## HENRY HUDSON

It is to be hoped that after the 12th of September, 1909, which is the three hundredth anniversary of the discovery of the Hudson river, there will not be one person in this English-speaking land who will call the discoverer Hendrik Hudson.

He was an Englishman named Henry, and even in the Dutch copy of the contract with the Dutch East India Company, which he signed before sailing on his famous voyage his name is written Henry.

We can blame the distinguished writer, Washington Irving, and the play of "Rip Van Winkle," in which Joseph Jefferson delighted several generations, for some of the persistences in turning into a Dutchman this adventurous English sea captain, who had already made two voyages in the services of an English company before he entered the employ of the Dutch East India company, and contracted to attempt to find a northeast passage to India.

—William Sage in Collier's for September 25.

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103 I. L. U. Bldg., Dayton, Ohio.